Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pietty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust, at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset,*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, *Dorset,*
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawle
Welcome destruction, death, a
I see as in a Map the end of all
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet
How many of you haue mine
My husband lost his life to g
And often vp and downe my
For me to ioy and weepe we
And being seated and domes
Cleane ouerblowne, themselu
Make war vpon themselues, b
Selfe against selfe, O prepostr
And frantick outrage, end t
Or let me die to looke on dea
Qu. Come come, my boy, w
Dut. Ile goe along with yo
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, goe
And thither beare your treasu
For my part, ile resigne vnto
The seale I keepe, and so beti
As well I tender you, and all
Come, ile conduct you to th
The Trumpets sound. Ente
Gloceſter, and Buckin
Buc. Welcome sweet Prince
Glo. Welcome sweet Cosen
The weary way hath made y
Prin. No Vncle, but our c
Hath made it teadious, wear
I want more Vncles here to
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntai
Haue not yet dived into the
No more can you distinguis
Then of his outward shew, w
Seldome or neuer iumpeth w
Those vncles which you want
Your Grace attended to thei
But lookt not on the poyson

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